Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 46 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 11, 1904. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wm Bronscombe, Q.C.

THE CROWNING OF THE YEAR.

WITH bread the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripened ear
Bow its luxuriant head!
In vain, O men, had been your care,
Had not He caused the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair;
And bid the sun, the rain, the air,
Their kindly influence shed.

He bade the soft, refreshing gale
Blow gently down the teeming vale,
Nor hurt the peeping grain;
But when the ear began to rise,
To Him were raised our anxious eyes:
Oft, from the cisterns of the skies,
He sent, in mercy, rich supplies—
Early and latter rain.

And now His hand has crown'd our toil,
We joy like those who share the spoil,
The harvest home to bear!
With shouts the laughing pastures ring;
With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
The praise of heaven's eternal King,
Through whose paternal care ye bring
The produce of the year. *Collyer.*

Thanksgiving.

For the days when nothing happens,
For the cares that leave no trace,
For the love of little children,
For each sunny dwelling-place,
For the altars of our fathers,
And the closets where we pray,
Take, O gracious God and Father,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,
For our golden store of wheat,
For the cornlands and the vinelands,
For the flowers up-springing sweet,
For our coasts from want protected,
For each inlet, river, bay,
By Thy bounty rich and flowing,
Take our praise this joyful day.

For the dangers to the nation,
Warded hence by sovereign love,
For the country, strong and hopeful,
Songs arise to God above.
Never people called and chosen
Had such loving-kindness shown
As this people, God-defended!

For our dear ones lifted higher
Through the darkness to the light,
Ours to love and ours to cherish
In dear memory, beyond sight,
For our kindred and acquaintance
In Thy heaven who safely stay,
We uplift our psalms of triumph,
Lord, on this Thanksgiving Day.

For the quiet, uneventful,
Blessed progress of our lives,
For the love of friends and neighbors,
Parents, children, husbands, wives,
For the ever-present knowledge
That our Saviour is our own,
On this day of glad Thanksgiving
Praises rise to reach the throne.

For the hours when heaven is nearest
And the earth-mood does not cling,
For the very gloom oft broken
By our looking for the King,
By our thought that He is coming,
For our courage on the way,
Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

A Thanksgiving Conversion.

(C. L. Walsworth, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Sim's wife had about given up praying for him. She, poor womna, had carried his case to God for long, weary years, and year after year had seen her hopes deferred, until she wellnight lost faith in her drunken husband's ultimate conversion. They had one child, a daughter, and together, mother and child had prayed ever since the lisping lips could frame the words; but Sim's appetite for drink was of thirty years' cultivation, yes, longer, for it was an inherited appetite.

Sim was anxious to reform. He believed in the power of religion to help him overcome his temptation, and every time extra meetings were held, he would go to the altar and then try to live a different life. But in a few days Sim would be drunk again, and it had become a sort of joke among the sinners when he made a new start that Sim was 'converted again,' and they watched for the usual spree.

But at last the church people gave up coming to Sim when they had extra meetings. It only hurt the cause to have him start. 'There is no use fussing with him, he will never quit drinking.' So Sim was dropped as a hopeless case, and left pretty much to himself. Then it was that the Lord took him up. We will let Sim tell the story:

'It was on Thanksgiving Day. For the past two weeks I had been uglier than sin, until my wife told me there was no living with me, and there wasn't. But as I see it now, I was under conviction, the strongest kind of conviction, and mad at myself, I was snarly and irritable toward my wife and my daughter, Mary. May God forgive me for those days and years of suffering that I occasioned my loved ones!

'That Thanksgiving Day, Bob, the butcher, and I were at the slaughter house killing hogs. Bob and I had always drunk together, had gone on sprees together, and the expectation was that we would come home at night almost too drunk to sit in the waggon. We had a jug of hard cider and a quart bottle of whiskey, and purposed to celebrate Thanksging Day while we worked. But somehow I couldn't drink. I felt as if something were going to happen, I didn't know what, and I was afraid to drink, lest that should have something to do with it. So I wouldn't drink and Bob wouldn't drink alone, and when the night came, we were both as sober as I am now.

'My wife, of course, expected to see me come staggering in as usual, and was surprised when I shouldered one of the hogs and carried it down cellar, and began to wonder what had happened. I did the chores around the barn, and then went in to supper. I didn't have much to say, and they didn't say anything, for fear of stirring me up: they did not know just what condition I was in, and so the meal was eaten in silence.

'My daughter, Mary, always had the lamp lighted in the sitting-room and a big chair drawn up by the stove so as to have things look cosy and keep me in the house evenings. Usually after supper I sat in the kitchen and smoked for a few minutes. Now, for some reason or other, I guess I was led there, I went into the sitting-room and sat down by the stove to think the whole matter over.

'As I sat there looking at the stove, my eyes fell on the name plate, and the letters seemed to spell the word, "To-night." Now, I knew that the name of the stove was "Westminster," but all that I could make out of the letters was "To-night," "To-night."

'"I know what that reads," I said aloud: "that reads 'Westminster.' You can't fool me. I know what it says." And I squinted and blinked at it, shut my eyes and then opened them, trying to make it spell "Westminster." But there it read as plainly as if it were spelled in huge capitals of fire shining up in my face—"To-night." I turned away my eyes, and then looked again, but there was the same solemn warning like the handwriting on the wall.

By this time I was feeling nervous. I felt as if the Spirit of God were there, for I knew enough about religion to know what this meant. I picked up a book lying on the desk at my elbow, and read the name of the book, "The Road to Heaven." This did not give me any relief, and back I turned my eyes as quick as a flash and those shining letters still stared at me. And then I jumped up again, for, on the other end of the nameplate now shone the words, "your last call," and into one another the two messages ran like waves of light, "To-night—Your Last Call." Then I heard a voice say distinctly: "Sim, it is your last call." I leaned forward and pointed at the words and said: "It would not make any difference, Sim; you could not keep it if you got it."

'My wife had heard me muttering, from the next room, and she began to be afraid of me, and so she came in and asked: "What is the matter with you to-night?" I turned her off with the words. "Guess someone is praying for me," and she went back.

'A great heavy weight was on my chest pressing me so that I could hardly breathe. I was desperate, and I cried out: "Oh Lord, what shall I do? I will do anything, if you will take away this load from my heart." I felt that I must have relief.

'Then the Lord said to me as plainly as though I were talking to any person: "Will you spill that cider in the barn cellar?"

'"Yes, I'll do it," I said, and I started for the kitchen.

'Both looked up at me in astonishment as I entered, for my hands were on my chest, I was gasping for breath, and exclaiming, "Oh, there is such a load on me, it seems as though it would kill me! O Lord, if you will only take it away!" This, I kept repeating until I got the lantern lighted and started for the barn.

'My wife and Mary had heard me say, "I'll do it." I had threatened several times to take my life, and so Mary followed me to see what it was I intended to do. So, while my daughter was peeping around the edge of the barn door that Thanksgiving evening, I knocked the bung out of that barrel and let the cider run. Every gulp and gurgle it gave made the load lighter, but it didn't run fast enough. If I had had an axe, I would have knocked in the head. When I tipped it up on end, and let the last drop run out, I felt better. I gave the barrel a kick and went back to my seat by the fire. "Well," I said, "some of that load is gone. Lord, I'll do anything else you tell me to do."

'Then I went to the bedroom and tried to pray, but relief was slow in coming. My wife went to sleep, but I kept up the struggle, wandering back and forth in an anxiety between the bedroom and the sitting room. I thought of my irritable temper, my bad habits —all that I must give up, and then I made a complete surrender, and at just 1.30 o'clock the burden rolled away, I got up to note the time.

'I did not tell my wife of the change, until the morning.

'Then she asked me, "How do you feel?"

'"First rate!' I answered.

'"Praise the Lord.'

'I wanted to go and see my brother, who was a Christian, and tell him about it, but I had to cut up the hog first. While I was busy sharpening the knife, he drove into the yard.

'He came up to me and said: "Simeon, have you given up ever being saved? I have been praying for you, you know, and last night at about 1.30 I felt no burden of prayer for you, and I was afraid that God's spirit had left you, and I couldn't do anything till I came to see. Have you given up ever being saved?"

'"Well, I rather guess not!" was my answer, and you ought to have seen how surprised he looked. "At 1.30 o'clock, you say? That was just the time the Lord cleansed me from all my sin."

'It is now six years since that day, and every Thanksgiving my wife, Mary, and I have a little extra celebration, in which we give thanks to the God who keeps, as well as saves.'

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Thanksgiving Day.

(Robert Bridges, in 'Collier's Weekly.')

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for armed legions, marching in their might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also brave;
But for the millions of Thy sons who work—
And do Thy task with joy,—and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the turrets of our men-of-war—
The monstrous guns, and deadly steel they pour
To crush our foes and make them bow the knee;
But for the homely sailors of Thy deep,
The tireless fisher-folk who banish sleep
And lure a living from the miser sea:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the mighty men who pile up gold,
Not for the phantom millions, bought and sold,
And all the arrogance of pomp and greed;
But for the pioneers who plough the field,
Make deserts blossom, and the mountain yield
Its hidden treasures for man's daily need:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly known,
And Pleasure leads her dance the flowery way;
But for the quiet homes where love is queen
And life is more than baubles, touched and seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children play:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!
Therefore, praises to the throne!

The Deepest Thanksgiving.

Francis of Sales, a saint in nature and life as well as in name, in enumerating some causes of thanksgiving in the quaint language of the seventeenth century, uses these very suggestive words:

Consider the bodily gifts which God has given you; what a body, what conveniences to maintain it, what health and lawful comforts for it; what friends and assistances. And consider all this in comparison with the lot of so many other persons, much more worthy than yourself, who are destitute of all these blessings; some defective in body, health, and limbs; others subjected to reproaches, contempt, and dishonor; others weighed down with poverty; and God has not suffered you to be so miserable.

Consider your gifts of mind. How many are there in the world stupid, mad, foolish; and why are you not among them? God has favored you. How many are there who have been brought up coarsely and in gross ignorance? And by God's providence you have been well nurtured and educated.

Consider your spiritual graces. . . . God has given you a knowledge of himself even from your youth. How often has he given you his sacraments? How often inspirations, interior illuminations, and warnings for your amendment? How often has he pardoned you your faults? How often has he delivered you from occasions of sin to which you have been exposed? And have not your past years been so much time and opportunity to advance the good of your soul? Consider in detail how good and gracious God has been to you.—'The Outlook.'

Converted by Silence.

At the opening of each conference service held in connection with the famous Mildmay Deaconesses Institutions of London, England, a season of silent prayer is observed, usually for about five minutes. This is most impressive,—a crowded house, all heads bowed in prayer to him who, unseen, is 'in the midst.'

Through the influence of one of these silent seasons a gentleman was converted. He relates the circumstances himself: 'Such a thing as attending a gospel meeting on a week-night I had not done for years. But to please a dear sister and her friend, I promised to go for just one evening to the Mildmay conference.

'What struck me first was the solemnity of the silent prayer. To witness so many hundreds bowed in solemn silence before the throne of grace, pleading especially for the unconverted there present, filled me with awe, and made me feel decidedly uncomfortable. I wondered whether I was to be really converted that night. To pray for such a thing was impossible. I did not wish it.

'I left the hall anxious and miserable. Till late in the morning I wrestled in prayer to God for pardon and peace without obtaining an answer, and, quite worn out, at 4 a.m. I lay down to rest.' On Awaking, after prayer, he found peace in reading St. Mark xi., 24-26. —'C. E. World.'

The Shepherd.

(Mrs. John Mott.)

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

I shall not want rest. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.'

I shall not want drink. 'He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

I shall not want forgiveness. 'He restoreth my soul.'

I shall not want guidance. 'He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.'

I shall not want companionship. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'

I shall not want comfort. 'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

I shall not want food. 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.'

I shall not want joy. 'Thou anintest my head with oil.'

I shall not want anything. 'My cup runneth over.'

I shall not want anything in this life. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

I shall not want anything in eternity. 'For I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

That is what David said he would find in the Good Shepherd. And one day it occurred to me to see how this twenty-third Psalm was fulfilled in Christ. This is what I found in Christ's own words:

'I am the Good Shepherd.'

Thou shalt not want rest. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Thou shalt not want drink. 'If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.'

Thou shalt not want forgiveness. 'The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

Thou shalt not want guidance. 'I am the way and the truth and the life.'

Thou shalt not want companionship. 'Lo, I am with you all the days.'

Thou shalt not want comfort. 'The Father shall give you another Comforter.'

Thou shalt not want food. 'I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger.'

Thou shalt not want joy. 'That my joy may be in you and that your joy may be filled full.'

Thou shalt not want anything. 'If ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name he will give it to you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in this life. 'Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in eternity. 'I go to prepare a place for you that where I am there ye may be also.'—Northfield Echoes.

For All.

(Eva Williams Malone, in 'Wellspring.')

Shall I but thank thee for the good
That comes to me through good,
Forgetful that ofttimes our grief
Is joy misunderstood?

Shall I but reckon blessings those
My holden eyes can see,
Unmindful of the viewless ills
Thy love keeps back from me?

For good, for ill, for joy, for pain,
My Lord shall I not bless,
Since each is measured unto me
With equal tenderness?

Short Sayings of Great Missionaries.

If I am to go on the shelf, let that shelf be Africa.—Livingstone.

If I had a thousand years to work for God, I would work for God in China.—Rev. Isaac T. Headland, D.D., of Pekin University.

Men who live near to God and are willing to suffer anything for Christ's sake without being proud of it—these are the men that we want.—Judson.

To thee, O Lord, I offer myself, my children and all I possess. May it please thee, who did so humble thyself to the death of the cross, to condescend to accept all that I give thee that I and my wife and my children may be thy lowly servants.—Raymond Lull, first missionary to Mohammedans.

Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do the most good, though it were to carry the gospel to the distant, benighted heathen.—Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the first American woman foreign missionary.

I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which he made who left his father's throne on high to give himself for us.—Livingstone.

Whoever goes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the heathen, goes on a warfare which requires all prayer and supplication to keep his armor bright.—Dr. Moffat.

I am born for God only. Christ is nearer to me than father or mother or sister—a nearer relative, a more affectionate friend; and I rejoice to follow him and to love him.—Henry Martyn.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tim and Polly.

(Ida Hibbard, in 'Good Cheer.')

'It's a fine day,' thought Tim as he looked from his attic window one morning. Now, one's opinion on this, as well as other matters, depends greatly upon one's point of view. It wasn't at all the kind of day most people would have called fine, for a fine mist was falling, the air was murky, and a generally unexhilarating atmosphere prevailed. But Tim's point of view being a street-sweep's, he cannot be blamed for regarding with favor conditions which would make his services at the crossings necessary.

He made his toilet and despatched his breakfast of bread and cheese with celerity, and then shouldering his broom made his

way downstairs, stopping as he did each day to look in and say good-by to Polly. Polly was a wee slip of a girl with tangled yellow hair and big frightened eyes looking out of a thin, white little face. She lived with a rough, brutal woman, called by the neighbors drunken Sal, and was very harshly and badly treated by her. The only bright spot in her life was Tim's friendship.

Tim was quite well off in comparison with Polly. He belonged to a man named Dennis, into whose keeping he had drifted without either very clearly knowing why. Dennis was fairly good natured, when he was sober at least, and not ungenerous as to food, although he made no scruple of turning out Tim's pocket after each day's work, and of cuffing him if the result was not satisfactory.

'Well, Polly,' Tim said this morning, putting in his head at the door of the wretched den Sal called home, 'how's things with you?'

Polly came running to him, her face alight with a smile of welcome, and her fingers red and dripping from the dish pan. 'Things is good this morning,' she said eagerly. 'Sal's got washing to do all day, and she wasn't cross and give me lots to eat.'

'That's good,' said Tim, much relieved, for his conscience had pricked him, when too late, that he had not reserved some of his breakfast for Polly. 'And don't ye mind,' he went on. 'Business 'll be good to-day, and see if I don't squeeze out somethin' for yer to-night.'

As he had anticipated, conditions proved good for business at the crossings that day. Tim brushed away with vigor, and having an attractive face and a taking manner, reaped a good harvest. But it was in the afternoon that something unusually pleasant happened. A young lady came picking her way across the street and holding her skirts daintily from contact with a treacherous puddle. She was so pretty and stylish that Tim stood still looking at her without thinking of helping her with her packages, when in the very middle of the street a bundle fell from her hand and rolled provokingly away. Tim dropped his brush and ran to the rescue.

'It hain't hurt, ma'am,' he assured her, cleaning it off on the sleeve of his ragged jacket, with a chivalry worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh.

'No, indeed, it's all right,' said the young lady with a laugh. 'And it's very kind of you to clean it for me. You've got your sleeve all dirty.'

'That's nothin'!' returned Tim, carelessly. And indeed, a coat or two of dirt, more or less, on his apparel was not worth mentioning.

'Come here,' called the young lady to Tim as he was turning away, and when he joined her on the sidewalk she furled her umbrella, in spite of the light falling rain and began to open her purse.

'Oh, I don't want nothin'!' protested Tim. 'You looked so nice I liked to pick up your parcel.'

The young lady laughed again as she slipped something shining into Tim's hand.

'That's the very prettiest thing that was ever said to me, my little knight of the crossing,' she said, 'but you must take this to buy something to remember me by. This is Thanksgiving Day. So take the money and celebrate the day with it.'

Tim was astounded, but he smiled till his white teeth gleamed, and the young lady smiled and went gayly on through the rain, while over and over in Tim's mind ran the thought; 'it's Thanksgivin', is it! Well, then Polly'll have a treat, and be thankful for it, too!'

That misty day was the starting-point in a long acquaintance between Miss Davis and Tim. She often came across him at his work, and never failed to stop for a few words that often ran into quite a chat.

One day toward spring she came on him, and Tim's gloomy face arrested her attention.

'Why, what's the matter?' she asked, for Tim's eye was discolored, and a bad gash was on one cheek. 'How did you get hurt?' she asked, anxiously.

Tim colored.

'Oh, it's nothin',' he said hastily, 'only Dennis was drunk last night, and he hit me, and I fell and cut myself.'

By dint of a few questions Miss Davis possessed herself of the facts in regard to Tim's relations with Dennis, and her indignation increased with each answer. She thought for a moment, and then—

'Tim,' she said, 'how would you like to give up sweeping? to leave this hard master and go into the country to a farm I know of and where you could make yourself very useful if you tried hard? You would be sent to the school in winter, and taught all manner of useful things?'

Tim's face was a study.

'I'd like to go awfully,' he said wistfully, but—' a shadow fell across his face—'I can't leave Polly.'

'Who is Polly?' asked Miss Barbara, curiously.

Very simply Tim told the story of little Polly's life, so much harder than his own, and all unconsciously their love for each other and his care for his little friend were revealed in the recital.

Something bright glittered in Miss Davis's eyes.

'And where does little Polly live?' she asked when he had finished, and when he told her she went away looking very resolute.

What followed was most wonderful and delightful to Tim and Polly, for through Miss Barbara's efforts Polly was taken away from the cruel woman who had so ill-used her, and with her beloved Tim went to live on a pleas-

ant farm where, with good care and food, they grew healthy and strong. Tim is almost a man now, and he declares that he and Polly are going to follow 'Miss Barabara' across the ocean one of these days, where she has a beautiful home of her own. Tim and Polly never forget to celebrate Thanksgiving in their English farm home, for that was the day when their fortunes began to mend.

A Timely Hint to the 'Messenger' Boys and Girls.

Christmas is not here yet, but it's coming, coming very fast, and it will find some of us unprepared for all we hoped to do. About decorations, we can get lots of green stuff later on, but what of the supplies that the first snow will cover up? Did you ever use acorns, horse-chestnuts or pine cones, strung on stout cords to festoon about among the green? If not, get some before it is too late, for their rich brown mingles finely with the spruce, cedar and ground pine. A nutting booth, arranged by a set of boys for a large bazaar, was very effectively decorated in this way, and was admired by everyone.

Then, too, there are still mountain ash or rowan berries to be had, and bitter-sweet, and in the gardens, possibly, the Chinese lantern plant still hangs out its scarlet balls inviting you to gather them. You cannot well have too many of such things, for you will always find someone who will be glad of a bunch, some one to whom that little bit of color will be a message of cheer and hope long after the Christmas season is past. I remember once getting a letter from some one in a public institution just after the New Year, some one who was not able to get out to the common halls, where doubtless there were decorations. He said, 'There was no sign of Christmas in my room, not even a sprig of holly, indeed, I never saw a bit of green all through the holidays.' If we look round, we can find plenty in similar need of cheer, and we will be glad that we have at hand the means of giving it.

Rebecca's Benefits.

'The breakfast table must be cleared, and the dishes washed, first of all,' said Mrs. Gray, cheerfully, 'and then we'll begin the baking.'

Rebecca's voice was not cheerful. It had a very doleful ring, as she answered: 'I will wash the dishes, but I want to run up to my room first.'

She cleared the table and then she hurried to her chamber. On the bed lay her hat and cloak. She set her teeth and drove back the tears, as she replaced them in her closet.

'I did want to go over to Sarah Mills' this morning,' she said, 'but there is always something horrid to do at home.'

She could waste no time on regret, she knew, for it would be a busy day. She returned to the kitchen in a most unhappy mood. She washed the dishes in silence. She swept the floor in silence. She replenished the fire in silence.

'I wish there was not such a day as Thanksgiving,' her thoughts ran, 'I wish we didn't always have to have aunt Lucy's family here. I wish they'd eat their Thansgiving dinner in their own house. I wish I didn't always have to help mother. Sarah Mills never does a thing to help the housekeeper.'

The housekeeper! With the two words came a remembrance of Sarah's wistful face, Sarah's breaking voice, as she had more than once sighed, 'Oh, if my mother were only alive, I'd be a happy girl. If I could only help her as you help your mother!'

'As I help!' she thought. 'How do I help her? Cheerfully? No! Grudgingly, shirkingly? Yes! yes! yes!'

She was stooping beside the oven to test its heat, when another thought entered her softening heart. 'What if God should take my mother!' A cry came to her lips. 'Oh, God, don't let her die, too!' and her eyes filled with tears. She brushed them away hurriedly, and, rising, said in a muffled voice, 'I will run down cellar and get the potatoes.' Her tears fell fast, as she stooped over the barrel. 'Oh, how wicked I have been!' she moaned, 'how wicked!' She dried her eyes presently and ran upstairs. 'There they are,' she said, in a brisk voice, 'and I'll wash them. And then, mother dear, I'll help you to the best of my poor ability. And between us, we'll get up a famously cooked Thansksgiving dinner.'

Her mother's eyes grew dim over the sudden change in Rebecca's voice and manner. She had been wishing she had the strength to do the day's work alone. Rebecca turned and saw the tears. She flew to her mother and flung her arms around her and kissed her, and told her all the thoughts that had been in her heart. 'But God will help me to be better,' she concluded. 'Oh, mother, it was he who made me see what life would be without you, without my dear, dear, mother.'

And so, though there were many steps to be taken, the Thanksgiving preparations were all made by Rebecca without another thought of the hours she had planned to spend with her friend. Two thoughts occupied her mind. 'Poor Sarah has no mother'; 'God is good to me. He has given me my mother, he has not taken her from me. I can never be grateful enough for my mother, my father, my brothers, my home. I will remember all his benefits.'—Dorcas Dare, in 'New York Observer.'

Count Your Blessings.

Can you walk?
Can you see?
Can you hear?
Can you talk?
If these four senses are yours then you are blessed.
Can you feel?
Can you taste?
This makes six blessings. Have you counted these before?
Have you sufficient wisdom to earn your living?
Are you properly clad in the summer and warmly housed in the winter?
Then you are blessed.

Home-made Gifts for Nimble Fingers.

[For the 'Messenger.'

'I did intend to start early this year, but I am nearly as late as ever with those Christmas gifts.' This is what many of us are saying when November begins; but if we omit the lament and set to work at once, not a few acceptable gifts will be ready before the last days are on us. Perhaps in the following notes some of the boys and girls may find the suggestion they want for one and another of the home circle.

A pretty gift for grandma, if she has attained the distinction long enough ago to be an old lady, is a muff foot-stool. This is one of the ordinary low wicker or wooden foot-stools covered with eiderdown flannel in black or gray. The top of the stool has a thickness of cotton wadding laid on before the flannel is fitted, and a muff or hood of the same lined with the bright soft silk nailed on. A short fringe of wool matching in color edges the stool covering.

A dainty gift is a heart-shaped picture-frame with the sender's photograph. Cut two hearts of cardboard. In one of the hearts cut a circular hole to fit photograph. Cover each with a layer of cotton wadding, then with any pretty silk, satin, cretonne, etc. Whip together, leaving top open for photograph to be slipped in; sew ribbon at lobes of heart to hang up by. If you have several different photographs you wish to send, make a number of heart frames letting the ribbons run behind the hearts and sewing them to the ribbons, one under the other.

This idea may be developed in any shape, and embroidery may be used in decorating the frame. Fancy crepe paper or even artistic wall-paper may be used instead of the satin. Even plain smooth brown paper nicely put on and decorated with flowers or birds cut from cards, or with real pressed flowers, would serve to set off those snap-shots of last summer's outing you want to send away. I know of one little boy who delighted numerous of his small chums last year with pictures 'framed' in this way, and with calendars made in a similar manner. This might prove a way of helping the little brothers and sisters to make their gifts.

A gift that mother will appreciate is a sewing outfit to hang on her bedroom wall. Stout pasteboard is the foundation to be covered with whatever materials are available, and hung by ribbons or a stout brass ring. Before covering, outline the shape of your pasteboard on the material, and arrange, as you think best, two small pockets for buttons, two for spools (these are better closed with a flap), the thread to come out through an eyelet hole), a place for scissors, thimble, needles and pins. An extra pocket can hold a small bunch of tape. When the pockets are in place, cover over the pasteboard, and line it. However complete the downstair sewing-basket may be, this little device saves endless steps and annoyance. Make one and see if it is not liked.

That idea of pasteboard covered with cloth of some kind is one that presents endless possibilities, even to young fingers by no means skilled in the use of a needle. Boxes of almost any shape may be made, care being needed, however, that the pasteboard is cut straight. The purpose of the box may be shown in outline stitch on cover or sides. A pretty button box, six inches square, by two deep, was made of blue chambray inside and out, the word 'Buttons' written in pencil across the cover, then traced over with back-stitching as the maker was too small to use outline sitch. A button sewed on the front, and a bit of narrow red ribbon above it on the edge of the cover, furnished a convenient closing, as the ribbon could be unwound in a moment, no untying being needed.

Similarly scrap baskets can be made in sections, these to be either sewed together or tied with ribbons through holes punched right through the finished section. Capital scrap baskets could be made by the boys in this latter fashion, pasting pretty wall-paper over the sections instead of covering them with cloth. Much pleasure is added to the making of Christmas gifts when you do not merely copy something you see or hear described, but, out of the materials at hand, and guided only by a suggestion, you make something, as the children say, 'out of your own head.'—A. W. R.

Co=operation

Did you ever think how much each drop of water in the ocean depended on each other drop to hold it up?

Did you ever stop to look at a factory where every part of the work was different and yet came together at the finish in a complete and harmonious product?

Such an ocean is the Universe; such a factory is the world. We are all part of one another, and no work can be rightly completed unless there is co-operation.

A very beautiful sentiment, you say, but how are we to put it into practice?

And here let us say that **practice** is worth something, where theory is worth just absolutely **nothing**.

How then are we to co-operate? How put our shoulders together in perfect unity so that we can be **one** in aim, **one** in spirit, and **one** in result?

A Practical Plan

To answer this question we must go back a little. The history of the growth and success of the 'Witness' publications is a history of constant co-operation between its editors, its employees, and its readers. Nothing could ever have been done without that co-operation. The object of this column is not to boast that we have co-operated with the people of Canada or with you, but to frankly confess that we are nothing and can do nothing unless **you** co-operate with **us**.

Reader, this means **you**. We have announced a plan which makes it easy for you to join with us in the work. We are giving a bonus of $10 and another of $5.00 each week to those sending us the best lists toward the $200 gold prize. Last week the best list only totalled $6.00. We would send the bonus just the same if the best list was from you and only totalled $1, but **that is not the point**.

The point is that we are very glad to distribute these moneys, very glad if we can work together, very glad even if **you** get $10, though you send us only $1, very glad if **you** get the $200 though you send us only $12.50, which is more than the largest amount sent up to the present.

Hand in hand with you we can succeed in this competition. Without **you** we shall feel that we cannot succeed so well even though some other reader may take your place.

Is there any reason why **you** and **every other reader** should not co-operate with us? Please take the first part of the question to yourself.

You get large commissions, but we do not ask that your work shall be for them. You get generous bonuses, but neither for them nor for the gold prizes do we ask you to spend your endeavors. No, the real object, which will make the work a joy to you, is that you and we may co-operate together even in this matter of supplying all whom you know with the literature which they, in their hearts, wish to have.

That Postcard

Would you like us to send you samples of all the publications with subscription blanks, etc.? Send us a post-card. Would you like us to know that **you** are willing to co-operate? Send us that post-card. You may not think it matters to us whether we hear from **you** or not, but it does. Send us that post-card! Do you appreciate our desire to be united in spirit with **all** our readers? Then send us that post-card!

Now Boys and Girls!

Your age does not matter. Any boy or girl is old enough to co-operate. Any boy or girl is old enough to send us that post card. A child can help quite as much as any one. **We make it easy.** We do not ask that you should be the only one to co-operate. We also co-operate with you. Ten minutes spent in asking people if they would like you to send them the 'Witness' or 'World Wide,' or the 'Northern Messenger,' may bring you a golden harvest, and will surely place you among the workers in a company of which we are proud to be members.

If you are willing to help but do not know how, send us that post card and we will tell you **just what part you can do**. No one else can do just what you can do. Only send us that postcard and the rest will follow much easier than you may think. Co-operation makes everything easy. Just say on the postcard that you want a suggestion as to how to get subscriptions.

Address that post-card **now** to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

LATEST PRIZE OFFERS OPEN TO ALL

Generous Discounts, Large Commissions,

and besides these what will correspond to a good salary,

$350.00 GOLD $350.00

will be awarded as prizes to those securing the largest number of subscriptions. This is, for instance, a splendid chance for a student to earn

A Scholarship,

A European or Transcontinental Trip,

or, for anybody that prefers it,

The Gold Itself--a Little Gold Mine.

$200.00 will be awarded to the one sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for any of our publications (S. S. clubs to 'Messenger' excepted) before the end of **May, 1905.**

WEEKLY PRIZES.

$150.00 will be awarded before Christmas as follows:—Besides the generous commissions that we are pleased to pay and which easily represent a salary of $15.00 to $30.00 a week, and besides the $200.00 prize offered above

Ten Dollars Extra Bonus will be awarded **each week** to the one sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for the week in which his remittance is received.

Five Dollars Extra Bonus will be awarded **each week** to the one sending us the second largest amount of subscription money for the week in which his remittance is received.

These weekly offers end with the week of **December 19-24, 1904,** inclusive.

Prizes do not interfere with the Discounts and Commissions, which in themselves are well worth working for.

There is no doubt that an early start will go a long way to securing the prizes

Subscription Rates, Discounts and Commissions will be found on the other side of this page.

Those working for these prizes must plainly write at the top of the lists the words "GOLD COMPETITION."

LATEST OFFERS

SUPERSEDING ALL PREVIOUS OFFERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Annual Rates on Individual Subscriptions.

DAILY WITNESS - - - -	$3.00 a year.
WEEKLY WITNESS - - -	1.00 a year.
WORLD WIDE - - - - -	1.00 a year.
NORTHERN MESSENGER -	.40 a year.

Six Months Subscriptions at Half the above rate.

DISCOUNTS AND COMMISSIONS.

Discounts or Commissions on the above rates apply only to orders for three or more Subscriptions to the same publication. The first three subscriptions must be sent in at one time. After that subscriptions may be sent in as secured.

33 1/3 % that is one third of the price is allowed in the case of **Renewal** Subscriptions.

50% that is one half of the price is allowed in the case of **New** Subscriptions.

New Subscribers will get their papers from receipt of Subscription to 1st January, 1906.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

For two or more publications to the same address:

DAILY WITNESS.....$3.00
and
WORLD WIDE..... .... 1.00
and
NORTHERN MESSENGER.. .40
Worth....$4.40

All for **$3.50.**

DAILY WITNESS $3.00
and
WORLD WIDE.....$1.00
Worth....$4.00

Both for **$3.25.**

WEEKLY WITNESS.....$1.00
and
WORLD WIDE..... 1.00
and
NORTHERN MESSENGER.. .40
Worth....$2.40

All for **$1.75.**

WEEKLY WITNESS.....$1.00
and
WORLD WIDE.....$1.00
Worth....$2.00

Both for **$1.50.**

WEEKLY WITNESS.....$1.00
and
NORTHERN MESSENGER. .40
Worth....$1.40

Both for **$1.25.**

Six Months Trial Clubs at Half the Above Club Rates.

Besides the Discounts or Commissions set forth above there are valuable Prizes offered on the other side of this page.

Samples and Subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

These offers are good in the following countries: Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Island, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar. Postal Union Countries other than the above, postage extra.

Edith Hawley's Opportunity.

(M. Louise Ford, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'I know, dear, it does seem hard that it should come in Thanksgiving week, but money is scarce, and it is too good an opportunity to miss. Mrs. Loring is well able to pay you, and it is quite a compliment, I'm sure, to trust you for three days to manage three children and oversee the housekeeping.'

Mrs. Hawley looked up from her mending and smiled encouragingly at her daughter, who was busily braiding the tablecloth fringe as if that important task must be attended to without delay.

'It's hard to miss Thanksgiving dinner with you all, and then to give up Nola Grey's party into the bargain,' said Edith, 'but I'll do it, for "money is king," especially when it means a new winter cloak,' and she carefully shook out her braided fringe, smiling bravely back at her mother.

'Then I may tell Mrs. Loring you will come on Tuesday?'

'Tell her I'll be there Tuesday night surely, and that I'll stand by the ship till she comes back.'

So Mrs. Loring went off to the wedding, feeling quite content to leave Edith in charge; while that young woman took possession of the reins, and prepared to manage the small household.

The Loring children soon found that nobody could make paper boats and caps and dolls better than Edith, and as for games, there was a new one every hour, if necessary. Even Ray, who was just over the measles, forgot to be fretful, and Della and Grace were as happy as sunbeams all day.

Wednesday passed very pleasantly, and it was not until Thanksgiving day that Edith began to feel a little homesick. But she conquered it bravely, saying to herself: 'Well, I'll do my best to make these little folks have a good time and be thankful, all by myself,' as she set about preparing the children for the feast that Bridget was ready to place on the table.

The short afternoon was a merry one to the children, for they popped corn, and roasted apples by the fire, and Edith told them wonderful stories of fairies and elves who did all sorts of kind and loving deeds on Thanksgiving day. When the lamps were lighted and the curtains drawn, the little folks began to grow sleepy, and it was not very long before Grace, the big seven-year-old sister, was ready to be tucked into bed with the others.

They were no sooner fast asleep, and Edith settled with her book for a long and lonely evening, than the door-bell rang.

'I wonder who it can be,' she said to herself. Then her eyes shone with pleasure as she greeted her friend, Carl Newton, who had come to see if she couldn't possibly get away 'just for a little while, you know,' to Nola's party.

'Oh, Carl! I wish I could, but I can't possibly; it wouldn't be right.' Carl could see, however, that she hesitated. She thought of the children, sure to sleep for hours, and of Bridget, who was to be in the house all the evening. What harm would it do just to join the merry company for an hour? In imagination she saw herself returning and finding everything just as she left it.

But in another instant the alluring picture was gone, and she said slowly but decidedly:

'No, I can't, Carl. I am very sorry.'

'Well, if you'll not, you'll not, I suppose, but I thought you might be accommodating enough to go just for a little while.'

'It's tantalizing to think of all the fun you will have, and I do long to go, but I have made up my mind and I must make the best of it,' said poor Edith, looking down at the carpet to hide her tears which were ready to fall.

'All right—but it'll spoil half the fun if you are not there,' and with a decided frown Carl turned away, only pausing to call back a 'Good-night' hurriedly from the steps.

It was hard to take up the book again, for Edith was only a girl of eighteen, and the disappointment was a real one; but she succeeded in forgetting herself after all so completely that an hour had passed before she looked up from her reading and became conscious of some one's screaming, and of doors slamming.

She started up and had scarcely reached the door when Bridget, terrified and hysterical, met her, crying 'Fire, fire!'

'Where, where?' cried Edith, running toward the kitchen, whence came an ominous, crackling sound. She opened the door and a volume of smoke rushed out, through which she could see that the whole further end of the kitchen was on fire.

The children! She must save them first of all. They were asleep directly over that roaring furnace of fire.

Bridget utterly failed her at this trying moment. Unused to controlling herself in emergencies, the ignorant girl lost her presence of mind and thought of nothing but her own safety and that of her own possessions. She had flown to her room at the first alarm, thrown everything in wild haste into her trunk, dragged it down the stairs into the yard, and then fainted dead away.

Edith meanwhile had run up-stairs, and was groping her way through the rapidly-increasing smoke to the children's room, calling to Grace and Della to 'come quick.' She seized a blanket, wrapped Ray in it, and cheering the frightened little girls, and telling them to follow her, she turned again to go down-stairs.

Oh, how thick the smoke was! Which way should she go? She scarcely knew where she was in that unfamiliar house.

'Bridget, where are you? Do come and help,' she called frantically.

As if in answer, a firm, strong step came springing up the stairs and Carl's cheery voice rang out reassuringly:

'Here, this way, Edith; I'll help you!'

There was no time to wonder how he came to be there. Hastily passing Ray into his arms, she turned to help the little girls.

They had disappeared!

She heard their voices screaming with fright in another direction, and groping along through the darkness and smoke, calling constantly, found them at last in the bath room, where they had wandered in their bewilderment. A few minutes longer and they would have been suffocated, for Della had fallen exhausted, and it was only by great exertion that Edith at length managed to drag them to the head of the stairs, where Carl met her again, and half led, half carried them down the stairs and into the fresh air, while she followed with trembling limbs, but with enough presence of mind to gasp out anxiously:

'Oh, Carl, a shawl or blanket for the children—in the hall closet!'—and Carl ran to bring them, snatching as he ran a warm afghan and a very heavy cloak from the hall coat-rack.

By this time the alarm had been given. The firemen were quickly on the scene, and soon had the fire under control, confining it to the back of the house, while the neighbors gathered about Edith, praising her bravery, and assuring her that no one could have done better. But the poor girl was crying hysterically and saying:

'Oh, what will Mrs. Loring think of me? To think this should have happened while she was away!'

'Nonsense,' said Carl. 'The firemen say it was caused by a defective chimney, and that it would have happened anyway,' and by the time the children were all tucked away in warm beds in a neighboring house, and Edith had had a refreshing cup of hot tea, she felt reassured again as to her responsibility for what had occurred.

'Where did you come from, Carl, at just the right moment?' she asked. 'You rushed in like the prince in the fairy tales and covered yourself with glory.'

'I went to the party,' replied Carl, somewhat shamfacedly, 'and I didn't have a good time at all. Kept thinking how hateful I'd been, trying to make you come, when I respected you all the more for not coming, and switching off without saying good-night. So I excused myself and thought I'd come up again and give you a surprise party. But I must say you got ahead of me, and gave me one instead. I found Bridget in a dead faint over her trunk, and then I knew that you were all alone fighting the fire. Wasn't I thankful when I heard your voice! You did work like a Trojan, Edith!'

'Oh, Carl,' and the girl covered her face with her hands; 'just supposing I had gone with you, as I wanted to! Those children would have all been burned to death!'

'Well, all's well that ends well, so don't think about such dreadful possibilities. It's all right now, and you're a heroine. If the Lorings don't appreciate you, I'll be mistaken,' said Carl, warmly.

Surely enough, when the early morning train brought the absent parents, their praise and gratitude were poured out upon Edith. The damage to their home was as nothing compared with the safety of their precious children, who were none the worse for their narrow escape. Not even Bridget was blamed, for she was so ashamed and distressed at her lack of presence of mind that no one had the heart to censure her.

When winter came with its cold winds it found Edith clad in the long-desired new coat, and she found it a most useful possession as she went back and forth from the city where she took the music lessons she had long coveted. She was able to take them now because a generous cheque had come to her one day in the mail, sent by those who signed themselves 'Your grateful friends;' so that, in more ways than one, Edith Hawley had reason to remember for many a long year that notable Thanksgiving day.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, Thou has given me a cell, wherein to dwell;
A little house whose humble roof is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie both soft and dry—
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward, has sent a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate—both void of state,
And yet the threshold of my door is worn by poor
Who thither come, and freely get good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall and kitchen's small,
A little buttery, and therein a little bin
Which keeps my little loaf of bread unchipt, unfled.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit, and glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine, the pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be there placed by Thee—
The worts, the purslane and the mess of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent; and my content
Makes these and my beloved beet to be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth with guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink spiced to the brink,
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand that soils my land,
And giv'st me from my bushel sown twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear the twins each year—
The while the conduits of my Rhine run cream for wine.
All these and better Thou do'st send me to this end—
That I should render, for my part, a thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign as wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be, my Christ, by Thee.

—Robert Herrick (1594-1674).

Was This Your Mother?

Nowadays, when there are several children in the household, the task of aiding all of them with their lessons becomes rather a serious problem. One overburdened mother, who was obliged to decline an invitation to pay a visit, went on to give her reasons.

'No,' she said, 'I can't possibly leave my home for a whole half-day. You see, I'm obliged to spend all my time helping the children with their lessons, their teachers give them all so much outside work to do. It takes me from seven to ten every night to solve Harold's problems in algebra, from four to six every evening I have to look up historical topics at the library for Isabel while she is struggling with her Latin, and from one until four I am either looking for pieces for little Henry to speak in the fifth grade or pressing Isabel's botanical specimens or translating Nellie's French—the poor child's not very strong, you know, and I don't like to have her sit up too late at night.'

'Then why not come to me in the morning?' asked her friend. 'This very morning, for instance.'

'No,' replied the busy mother, with evident reluctance. 'I'd really like to, but I promised to spend this morning doing something for Robert. The poor child would be so disappointed if I failed him!'

'What are you going to do for Robert?' asked the friend.

'Well,' returned the devoted mother, 'I'm going to the swamp back of the cemetery to catch a large green frog for him to take this afternoon to his biology class at his school.'

—Exchange.

Cash Prizes Being Sacrificed.

Second Week.

—:o:—

It cannot be helped. We offered prizes—and the prizes aggregating $350.00 cash must be awarded to the successful competitors no matter how little they do for us So far the prizes have stimulated hardly any effort. Everybody seems to have concluded that anybody else could do better.

The result of this reasoning is that few people have entered the competition.

The prizes for last week are awarded as follows:—

$10.00 TO JOHN BUCHANAN, NOVA SCOTIA, who sends us six dollars worth of subscriptions. Mr. Buchanan says "The publications are worth the full value, so I do not deduct my commission."

$5.00 to Mr. ROBERT M. CRAM, Ontario, who sends $2.35. Mr. M. Cram gets also $1.86 commission—netting him $6.86 profit. In other words we give him almost three times as much as he sent us.

It will be noticed that the prizes for the second week were won on even smaller lists than those for the first week of the competition.

What is the matter? It is quite evident that the boys and girls have not so much as read our offers, or they at least would have started to work at once.

An occasional five or ten dollar bill is a great thing to a school boy, if not to older people, and he has as good a chance for the two hundred dollar prize as anyone else—especially if he can say he is working for a scholarship for himself or someone else.

So far Mr. Newcomb of Nova Scotia, with his remittance of $12.25 has not only already made $18.23 for himself, but will take the $200.00 prize besides, unless some one else sends more than that.

If there is no canvass being made in your particular district, it offers a fine chance for some one.

Both of these have also an interest in the large season prize to be awarded next June.

The third weekly competition will close Saturday, November 5th. Who will head the list next week?

These weekly competitions will continue until December 24th.

These Prizes were despatched on Monday.

Hymn.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health,
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.
We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Little Hal and the Turkeys.

On the side of a hill in a beautiful part of Canada stands little Hal's home. He has no brothers and sisters to play with, but he has more playmates than you would think. For he lives on a big farm where there are plenty of horses and cows, frisky little colts and gentle-looking calves, big white hens and last of all these turkeys.

How pleased Baby Hal was when he could run by Mamma's side to see the turkey chicks that had just pecked their way out of those funny prisons where they had been so long shut up! And then it was such fun to feed them! The little things grew very fast for they were well cared for. They were very tame and as soon as Hal went out on the green by the kitchen door, they would crowd round his feet and push one another about in their haste to get the good food. Hal had to watch the hens and keep them away, for they had their own place to eat and their own food, and they did not need to take the turkeys' share, did they? As the turkeys grew big and strong they used to stray up over the hill behind the house and wander about among the stubble, picking up the grain that the reaper had left. Little Hal used to go up after them, for wasn't Papa up there reaping, and wasn't it just the nicest thing in the world to sit up on the big binder with him and watch the golden grain fall on that queer place behind and 'tie itself.'?

Hal had a big collie dog, too, such a beauty that he won first prize at the fair, and Bruce, for that was his name, used to help drive the turkeys home at night. By the time summer was over Mamma began to say, 'Those turkeys are getting fat, aren't they, Hal? You can almost see them grow.' They'll be all right for Thanksgiving.' And Hal would laugh and say 'Yes,' though he didn't know much about Thanksgiving yet. But he knew those turkeys were going with Papa to market some day, and that some little boys and girls would eat them, so he wanted them to be nice. And when Mamma tells him about Thanksgiving Day and counts up for him all the things God has given him to make him happy, I am sure little Hal will understand, and be thankful, too.

This is a true story and Hal is a 'really, truly' little boy. Perhaps if you lived near enough to his home, your Papa might buy one of Hal's turkeys in the market, and if he did, I'm sure you would all say it was very sweet and tender, just right for Thanksgiving Day.—A. W. R.

Helen's Gift.

Helen looked long and lovingly at the bright new ten-cent piece which lay in her pink palm. She had earned it all herself by running errands for Grandma Tyler. Sometimes the road was long and the sun was hot, but Helen was happy, always remembering that the money she earned was to be given to the dear Lord. When brother Ben asked what she was going to do with her errand money, she blushed and said, 'It's a secret,' and when he remarked, 'Why it's too far off to Christmas, and there ain't any birthday now. Come on, let's spend it in molasses taffy,' Helen shook her brown head, and went off by herself. Ben was so concerned that he asked his mother what she thought Helen would do with her money when she got it, and mamma only laughed and said, 'Perhaps she will do what my spendthrift Ben would not be likely to do—put it in the bank.'

But Helen knew what she was going to do with it!' Her mamma belonged to a Missionary Society which held a thank-offering service every Autumn, and Helen had gone to the meeting with her mamma one golden October day and heard the story read of a very poor old lady who pinched and saved all the year long, even giving up her beloved cup of tea—so as to have a bit of gold to give to her dear Lord! A great longing came into Helen's young heart to give something, too, which had cost her sacrifice, for she was a dear Christian child and wanted more than all things else to please her loved and loving Saviour.

'He knows I'd like to give Him gold,' she whispered shyly to herself,' but since I'm only a little girl perhaps a piece of shiny silver will make Him just as glad. Of course He can make my little silver dime worth as much as a big piece of gold if He wants to, just the same as He could make five little pieces of bread and two tiny fishes feed a whole field of people! I'll ask Him to please bless my thank-offering,' and she did and Jesus heard!

Helen belonged to a Band, but the Band had never thought that it could have a thank-offering. When she took her dime to the meeting and answered the roll call by going to the front and laying down her offering, this was the text she recited: 'Oh, give thanks to the Lord, for He is good.' Then she whispered softly, so that no one could hear but Miss Mary, 'Teacher, this isn't just collection money; it's thank-offering like the big folks, you know.'

Teacher looked pleased, and all at once she remembered hearing Grandma Tyler say she must try and find a nice new ten-cent piece to give to Helen Ware for running errands. 'I do believe she's given every cent of it—the blessed child!' she thought, and right then and there a little plan came into her mind. Just before closing the meeting she said, 'Children, why is it that we do not have a thank-offering service, just as the big Society does? We expect to be a big Society some day when we are grown up, and why not get into the habit now of doing all these lovely things! I want to make a thank-offering at our next meeting, and I mean to earn the money myself.' Then she told what had made her think of it, and said that if any child wanted to earn money for the sacred and beautiful thank-offering, she would help them plan how to do it.

'Now,' said Miss Mary, 'I am going to take Helen's dime out of the collection and keep it in a thank-offering box until our next meeting, and I am going to ask the dear Lord to let it have so many little mates then that we may be able to change it into a gold piece!' How Helen's heart beat when teacher said that! No one but God knew how Helen had prayed that the silver might be turned into gold, and now it looked as if it really might be!

And it was! for when the next meeting came so many silver dimes and quarters nestled up alongside Helen's dime, that Miss Mary actually exchanged them for a five-dollar gold piece, which was paid over to the treasurer.

How lovely it would be if every Home Mission Band would hold a thank-offering! Why not!—'S.S. Messenger.'

Three Little Thieves.

In the cupboard there stood a basin of rice,
All snow white and soft and exceedingly nice;
Twas to make a Thanksgiving pudding, you know,
For Teddy and Fanny and Nellie and Joe.

But alas! in the night to that basin of rice,
Crept three tiny robbers, three little grey mice.
They all scrambled in and they all scrambled out,
And nibbled and scattered and pawed it about.

When mamma looked at it, the very next day,
She saw 'twas no good, and she threw it away,
So there was the end of that pudding, you know.
For Teddy and Fanny and Nellie and Joe.

—'Picture World.'

Johnny's Lesson.

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mother hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

'Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?' she called.

'She's all dirty, mother. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole.'

'Is that all?' mother wanted to know.

'Why, yes,' said Johnny. 'She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around.'

Presently Johnny came in crying and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud. 'Oh, mother! mother!' he cried, sure of help from her.

'Jane,' she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, 'do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?'

Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare.

'Stones, ma'am?' asked Jane.

'Yes,' said the mother, 'to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid!'

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear. 'Please, mother, I'll never do it again,' he cried. 'Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel.'

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—'Sunbeam.'

THE WITNESS,

And What Our Friends are Saying About It.

Among the great Metropolitan Newspapers of the world the 'Witness' stands unique in that it was the first to demonstrate the possibility of success in Metropolitan Journalism 'along 'Witness' lines.' The London, England, 'Daily News' is the latest addition to the ranks of teetotal journalism. But teetotalism after all is only a negative virtue. Cleanliness in many other ways is even more important, and more important than all is a determination to be right and to do the right regardless.

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly) gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments, such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page, 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. One which would always keep in mind nigh ideals and be 'for God and Home and Native Land.' The 'Witness' has grown since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have made great improvements inevitable. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a loyal constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers much revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

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contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.

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contains the best that appears in the 'Daily Witness,' besides giving somewhat more attention to agriculture and farmers' interests generally.

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'The Montreal 'Witness' is by far the best educator.'—'Prairie Witness,' Indian Head, N.W.T.

'The Montreal 'Daily Witness' is the only Metropolitan paper in America that dares to be a consistent outspoken enemy of the drink traffic.'—'The New Voice,' N.Y.

SUBSCRIBERS' LETTERS:

Brantford Ont.

I read a number of papers on both sides of politics, and although I am an old Scotch Tory, the good old 'Witness' is my favorite paper, and if I was limited to only one paper I would without a moment's hesitation retain the 'Witness.'

ROBERT BURNS.

Star, Alta.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find one dollar—a year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' beginning with New Year, 1904. The 'Witness' has always been the paper of my home, and now that I am away from home I find it indispensable.

I remain, yours truly, G. E. RICHARDS, Presbyterian Missionary.

London, Ont.

Enclosed please find an order for my renewal subscription. It seems to me the 'Witness' gets better in comparison with other papers, so thoroughly honest and fair to all, and on all questions. Yours truly, W. A. A. CLARIS.

Ashville, N.C.

Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I cannot afford to do without the 'Witness' on account of the reliability of your editorials.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. HENRY.

Dawson, Yukon.

Enclosed please find postal note for one dollar, for which please send me the 'Weekly Witness.' The good old 'Witness' deserves the support of every Canadian who likes a good, clean, independent, patriotic newspaper whose reputation has been built upon honesty. H. J. WOODSIDE.

Lancaster, Ont.

We cannot do without the 'Witness.' If it should cease to be published, Canada would change its character for the worse inside of ten years.. (Rev.) J. U. TANNER.

[While the good people of Canada stand behind the 'Witness' there is no danger of its ceasing publication. But if all the good people thought and acted with Mr. Tanner, the 'Witness' would be a better paper than it is. Every added subscriber adds to its earning, and, therefore, to its spending power.]

Elmsdale, P.E.I.

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LOUIS RENNIE.

The Northern Messenger.

A Weekly Illustrated Twelve Page Paper, Interesting Alike to Young and Old—Canada's Most Popular Sabbath-School Paper.

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But its most surprising feature is its price. Forty cents is trifling for a weekly of that size and character for a whole year. Sunday schools enjoy special rates.

About the 'Northern Messenger.'

For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the good old 'Northern Messenger,' writes W. S. Jamieson, of Dalton, Ont.

Mr. John McMillan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: 'My wife could not do without the 'Messenger.' It is a splendid paper. Our friends in Scotland prize it very much.'

Chas. Gamble, secretary of Acton West Sunday-school, says: 'We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school the past six months, and are delighted with it, and believe it to be the best Sunday-school paper published.'

WORLD WIDE.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from the Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a short time, beyond all expectations—chiefly owing to the good-will of its rapidly-growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, 'World Wide' reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own 'World Wide' beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

An effort is made to select the articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest—to the shifting scenes of the world's great drama, to letters and science and beautiful things. One of the very popular features of 'World Wide' is its selection of the best cartoons of the week.

As some one has said: "'World Wide' is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat.'

Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

London, Eng., 12th Sept., 1904.

Dear Sir,—I wish to subscribe for your paper 'World Wide,' Specimen copies of which have reached me. When I saw that this paper was published by John Dougall & Son, I felt that I must order it, for it was sure to be good. As a child I was taught to respect the name of John Dougall, and my late husband (the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Cote street Church, Montreal), was not behind my father in his regard for that noble man. As a Canadian I am proud of the 'Montreal Witness,' which takes the first place amongst the dailies of the country. It has long set an example which other papers might well copy. Wishing increasing success to all your publications, I am sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH H. BURNS.

PRESIDENT TROTTER, D.D.,
of Acadia University, says:
I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

S. E. DAWSON, Lit. D., KING'S PRINTER, says:
I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping.

Grenfell, Assa.

I find it almost indispensable to keep abreast with the best thought of the time.

J. NICHOLLS.

Fredericton, N.B.

I enclose, with much pleasure, renewal subscription to 'World Wide,' and wish to express my appreciation of its admirable selections.

WM. CROCKETT, LL.D.
(From the President of the G.N.W. Company.)

Toronto, Ont., 1904.

Gentlemen,—I consider 'World Wide' one of the very best of its class and would be very sorry to be without it.

H. P. DWIGHT.

Chatham, Ont.

We are much pleased with 'World Wide,' and consider it the most valuable journal of the kind we have knowledge of.

DRS. HOLMES and McKEOUGH.

PROFESSOR J. H. RHODES,
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SIR ALGERNON COOTE, Baronet, who says,
I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

Westboro, Ont.

'World Wide' is in the best sense catholic, not partisan. Its interests are human, not sentimental or sordid. Its selections are discriminating and of consequent value.

(Rev.) E. THOMAS.

Sumpter, Oreg.

I can assure you 'World Wide' is appreciated by those whom I allow to read it. As an old Ontarian boy, I wish the proprietors of the 'Witness' and World Wide' success for their manly stand on public matters.

J. H. MACALLUM.

BLANK FORM.

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The First Step.

I came home, and said to my wife, 'Look here, wife, I have made a discovery.' 'What is it?' she said. 'It is that total abstinence is sometimes a capital thing for the working classes,'—and then I consoled myself with a glass of sherry. Ah! it is a grand thing for the working classes—and for other people too. I will now tell you a little story in connection with our work in the West End of London. Said a man to Mr. Nix, 'I tell you, sir, total abstinence does make anyone strong, but drink makes anybody weak. Before I signed the pledge I was so weak that I couldn't carry a threepenny-bit past a public-house. But now,' said the man, 'I have signed the pledge, sir. You remember I signed the pledge about fifteen months ago, and now, how strong do you think I am? I will tell you. Last February I went down to see poor old mother, and she was binding up her hands that were chapped and bleeding, and I came over and put a piece of rag round them and said, "Mother, how is this?" "Oh, my boy," she said, "why it is with the washing brought in, and the wringing out of the clothes; the wind blows, and they have chapped my hands and made them bleed." I went home, and whenever I felt like having a pint of beer, I would slip my threepenny-bit into a money box. When I broke the box open, I didn't know there were so many threepenny-bits in the world as there were in it, and off I went and bought mother a wringing machine, and put it on my shoulder and walked straight past a public-house like a giant, I was so strong, and said to mother, "Mother, look here, no more chapped hands, no more bleeding hands for you; come," I said, "here is a wringing machine for you, dear old mother." You should have seen her, sir, as her face lit up, and tears came to her soft eyes, as she said, "God bless you, my boy." It is grand what total abstinence does for anybody.'—Exchange.

Individual Responsibility.

(Mrs. Kitty Cahoon, in the 'Pacific Ensign.')

Who is responsible?

At a mass meeting held in a Presbyterian Church in Portsmouth, O., one Sunday afternoon, in the presence of over 200 men, a converted gambler, and ex-saloon keeper made a statement like this: 'I have been in the saloon business, with a gambling-room attached for the last four years, and know something about what I am going to say. I do not believe that the gambling den is nearly so dangerous, nor does it do anything like the harm, that the social card party does in the home. You ask my reason? Well, in the gambling-rooms the windows are tightly closed, curtains pulled down, and everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection. As a rule, none but gamblers enter there, while in the parlor, all who are old enough have access to the game. Those too young to play may watch the others as they play. It is too often made tempting and attractive by giving prizes, serving refreshments, etc. I could never see the difference between playing for a piece of silver moulded into thimble or cup, and playing for money. The principle is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the luck of cards, no matter how small the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling.'

Have you ever thought of it in this light? Where do all the gamblers come from? Surely, they are not taught in the gambling dens. A green hand, unless he be devoid of common sense, never enters a gambling hell, for he knows he will be robbed of everything that he possesses, in a very few moments. He has learned elsewhere. Perhaps at home he whiled the time away by playing a social game with parents, brothers and sisters, or perhaps friends have taught him the act. When he becomes proficient enough at home or among his friends to win prizes, he oftimes becomes so fascinated that he seeks the regular gambling-room, thinking he can win every time.

I have read, and I do not doubt it, that the saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile, when they read in the papers, of the parlor games given by the ladies. They feel confident that some of the men who attend these functions, will some day become their patrons. Says an ex-gambler, 'I say the parlor-game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God and humanity, stop this accursed pleasure in your homes, burn up your decks and wash your hands of such a pernicious evil.'

In the same mass meeting mentioned above, another ex-gambler arose and endorsed every word, saying that he learned to play cards not in his own home or the saloon, but in the homes of young friends, and the fascination proved too much for him.

Another story was told of a mother who had her eyes opened to the danger of social card-playing. It was her habit of giving as well as attending progressive euchre parties, where she often won prizes which she exhibited to her family. One morning her young son said to her, 'See. mother, I won these bills, playing cards with some men I met in town last night.' The horrified mother exclaimed, 'Why, my son, have you been gambling?' 'Why, mother,' was the reply, 'I learned to be an expert player at home, and the prizes won here by yourself even, were only different in value.' By seeing the danger her folly was leading her son into, she banished the accursed things from her home.

A Brave Man.

Colonel Higginson, when asked to name the incident of the Civil War that he considered the most remarkable for bravery, said that there was in his regiment a man whom everyone liked, a man who was brave and noble, who was pure in his daily life, absolutely free from the dissipation in which most of the other men indulged. One night at a champagne supper, when many were becoming intoxicated, some one, in jest, called for a toast from this young man. Colonel Higginson said he arose, pale, but with perfect self-possession, and said—'Gentlemen, I will give you a toast which you may drink as you will, but which I will drink, if you please, in water. The toast that I have to give is "Our Mothers."' Instantly a strange spell seemed to come over all these tipsy men. They drank the toast in silence. There was no more loud laughter, no more song, and one by one they slunk out of the room. The name of 'mother' touched every man's heart.—'Independent.'

The Hit of the Evening.

At a temperance meeting where several related their experience, a humorous Irishman made the hit of the evening. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he: 'A week after I signed the pledge I met an old friend, and he says:

'"Them's a fine pair of boots you have on."

'"They are," said I, "and by the same token 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me."

'"That was generous of him," said he.

'"It was," says I, "but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I am going to stick to it."'—Exchange.

Queen Esthers Wanted.

(Lady Henry Somerset, in 'League Journal.')

We cannot but recognize that the keynote of the Gospel of Christ is his teaching of the infinite value of the individual From the hour that he told his followers the story of the one lost sheep, and drew the picture of the Shepherd who left all the rest and went into the bleak mountain fastness until he had rescued the straying lamb—through all the history of his life and dealings with men he emphasizes the value of the individual; in the house of the rich man he individualized the woman whose act of loving penitence was to be told to all the world; in his words to the young man who came with puzzled question, and on whom he looked with the eyes of tenderest compassion, and, beholding him, loved him. He loved the individual for his desire, pitied him because he knew the idiosyncrasies of St. Peter, the difficulties of St. Thomas, the penitence of the Magdalene, the tenderness of his mother—each one stood out before him, clearly outlined on the horizon of his mind; and it is this knowledge of the methods of Jesus that should make us realize that we have to give ourselves to the men and women, one by one, whom we want to rescue. And so if we are to be of any use in the world, if in our day it is to be cleansed from the violence done through drink, from the iniquity of the sweating system; if the ignorant are to be taught and the degraded raised; if pauperism is to be wiped out and the drink traffic trodden underfoot—it can only be as we accept the mission to the individual, only as we, like Queen Esther, lay aside the trammels of conventionality, and are willing to go out for the salvation of our people, for thus, and thus only, can it be said of us that we 'came into the kingdom for such a time.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 29, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Bombardment of the British Trawlers—A Falstaffian Fleet—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Russian Rally—The Sun, New York
John Morley, English Liberal—Special Correspondence of the Springfield Republican
Judge Parker Wrong—The Sun, New York
Cleveland Sentiment—Democratic and American Papers
Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain—Worst in their Recent Speeches—The Spectator, London
Chumbi to be, to Tibet—An Interpenetrative Trade Route—Correspondence of the London 'Times'
The Church Congress at Liverpool—The Decline in Church Attendance—The 'Church Times,' London

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Celebrated Glee Composer—William Horsley—By Arthur Pearson, in the 'Musical Opinion and Music Trade Review,' London.
Find of 'Old Masters'—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
John La Farge—His Latest Book—The 'Outlook,' New York

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Firelight—Poem, by Will H. Ogilvie, in the 'Spectator,' London.
An American Impressionist—Lafcadio Hearn—The 'Outlook,' New York
Mistaken Views of the Orient—Lafcadio Hearn's Last Book—The 'Nation,' New York.
Mandell Creighton—A Biography Without One Dull Page—C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London
The Boys of 'Treasure Island'—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Educational Problems the Same Everywhere—Addresses at the Meeting of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction—The Providence 'Journal.'
Electrocution—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Weeding Out Socialism—Two Kinds, One Necessary, the other Pernicious—The New York 'Times'
A Remarkable Letter by Prof. Haeckel—His Attitude Toward the Divinity of Christ—The 'Independent,' New York.
The Butterfly's Wings—New Theories of Animal Colors—The 'Transcript,' Boston
Sour Milk for Long Life—Metchnikoff's Elixir—The 'Literary Digest.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

Isaiah's Message to Judah.

Isaiah i., 16-20.

Golden Text.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isaiah i., 16, 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 14.—Is. i., 1-9.
Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Is. i., 10-20.
Wednesday, Nov. 16.—Is. i., 21-31.
Thursday, Nov. 17.—II. Kings xvi., 10-20.
Friday, Nov. 18.—II. Kings xvi., 1-9.
Saturday, Nov. 19.—Is. vii., 17-25.
Sunday, Nov. 20.—II. Chron. xxviii., 1-15.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Following the times we have just been studying, both Judah and Israel came into a period of great outward prosperity. The conquests of each kingdom were extended until the two covered almost as much territory as the single kingdom under David, before the division.

With conquests and added power came far greater wealth, so that there was great prosperity. But wealth, especially that which comes through violence, does not bring real strength, and so the very prosperity of these Jewish nations led to weakness and sin. The people became corrupt and debauched, Judah began to suffer from enemies and Israel was becoming weaker from the same cause.

Then Isaiah appeared on the scene, prophesying chiefly in Jerusalem. He began his work at the close of Uzziah's reign, and Uzziah was the grandson of Joash, who repaired the temple, as we saw last week. The work of Isaiah continued from Uzziah to Hezekiah, over forty years, during which the northern kingdom Israel, passed from history. The work of Isaiah was not in vain, for he lived to see a great revival of religion. The words of this lesson were spoken while the two nations existed in the depths of their wickedness.

ISAIAH'S SUBJECT.

1. 'The vision of Isaiah the son of Amoz, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah.'

A vision does not mean only the power to see into the future. We speak to-day of such a man being a person of broad vision. We mean he has ability to see into situations and things. The vision of a prophet, like Isaiah, might also include a view of the future, but he had also the insight to comprehend the terrible state of affairs about him, and he announces all that he saw, past, present or future, and his message to the people, as his vision.

A SINFUL PEOPLE.

2. 'Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.

3. 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.

4. 'Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters: they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward.

5. 'Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more, the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.'

In verse 2 Isaiah calls both heaven and earth to hear what the Lord has said concerning his people. Notice in these verses how the thought of the speaker progresses.

In verse 2 the Lord speaks as a loving but grieved father, whose children, whom he had tenderly cared for, had rebelled. Then, what is their relation to the Father, after their rebellion against him? Utter ingratitude and indifference. (Verse 3.) Brutes that serve man and are fed by him show more interest in their master than do these people for the God that has made them and so marvelously led them.

But the result of their rebellion is all included in indifference to God. They have all gone from bad to worse, and are now 'a people laden with iniquity.' They are 'a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters.' Their children continue in their evil ways, and generation will be followed by generation of debauched and dissolute humanity. They had 'provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger.' The long suffering God, whom they despised and disobeyed, but whose long suffering had been their salvation, this Holy One they had angered.

Why do they bring more punishment on themselves? They are only going from bad to worse. They have reached such a hardened state that punishment has no corrective influence. The head and heart, the sources of thought and of feeling, are sick and faint. These sources of motive and action can no longer be appealed to.

THE NATION'S UNHAPPY CONDITION.

6. 'From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up; neither mollified with ointment.

7. 'Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence and it is desolute, as overthrown by strangers.

8. 'And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as besieged city.

9. 'Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah.'

Has it occurred to you, in reading this lesson, that the prophet's description of a wayward and rebellious people might be taken as the figure of the individual life that has become ruined by sin. What a desperate state the sinner comes to be in, no matter what a bold face he may put upon it outwardly!

Judah was now like a diseased and misused body, that had been left without care. The country was being ravaged by enemies that robbed, slew and carried people captive. Syrians, Philistines and Assyrians were like the lashes of a whip of cords, punishing the disobedient people. 'The daughter of Zion,' that is, Jerusalem, had come to be 'as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.' These were mere makeshift and temporary structures, without shape or comforts, erected merely for the purpose of the gardeners. Jerusalem had become like one of these cheerless and flimsy huts.

Had it not been for a small but faithful remnant that remembered God, probably at the cost of much abuse and persecution, Jerusalem's case before an angry God would have been hopeless, but for the sake of the faithful his mercy might still be extended to his rebellious people.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE.

16. 'Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil;

17. 'Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.'

From the passage omitted in our lesson verses 10-15 it would appear that the consciences of the people still led them to preserve the outward form of their religion. They offered sacrifices, and observed feasts as of old, but God said, 'Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.' They had the form of godliness, but denied its power, just as many are living to-day.

If there is any hope for them at all, what are they to do? The very first thing is, to cleanse themselves, they must give up their sins, they must cease to do evil.

But all this is negative. Merely refraining from this and that sin is not living a godly life, so the prophet goes a step further. 'Learn to do well.' Then he indicates some particular things to be done. Note that these were acts of justice and mercy. Without doubt, the land was full of the wronged, oppressed and suffering. Let repentance be followed by works of mercy. These do not save us from our sins, only Christ can atone for them, but they show sincerity and they develop the godly life.

FORGIVENESS PROMISED.

18. 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

19. 'If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land:

20. 'But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

One's salvation is not a matter of blind belief, without reason. It gives, in fact, the only reasonable course to be pursued. Notice how verses 18, 19 contrast with the gloomy picture of the opening portion of the lesson. Evil had run riot among the people, and they had heedlessly run after wealth and pleasure, regardless of the claims of God, or the sufferings of their fellows, but now God calls them to a more reasonable course.

The Prodigal Son reminds us of the people of Judah and Israel at this time. In the depths of his degradation and misery, he is in a mood to look at the hard facts in the case. So now, after the people have forsaken God, and from rebellion have gone into deep sin, and from sin great calamity has resulted, they are called upon to reason together with God.

What a gracious promise he makes! It is said that red colors are the hardest to eradicate from cloth; yet though the sins of the people be deep dyed, scarlet or crimson, they shall compare with snow and wool for whiteness, if only the people will hear God and obey him. Instead of a devastated land, they shall eat of its goodness.

But the lesson closes with a warning. 'But if ye refuse and rebel'—yes, if they still would not listen, then the sword should devour them. The seal set upon the whole matter is, 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

It is as easy for God to do a great thing as a small one. The sinner's long record of evil living and rebellion is not what makes his salvation difficult, from God's side: it is the sinner's hard hearted refusal to listen, to reason over his case, to yield his will to that of God, that he may repent and be forgiven. Only hear God's gracious offer, made through Christ, and accept it, and God will forgive and welcome you back to himself.

November 27 we have the temperance lesson. Isaiah xxviii., 1-13.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 20.—Topic—How to express our thanks to God. Ps. lxxxviii., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, Nov. 14.—A servant of sin. John viii., 34.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Servants to obey. Rom. vi., 16.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—Brought into bondage. II. Peter ii., 18.

Thursday, Nov. 17.—'Ye have yielded.' Rom. vi., 19.

Friday, Nov. 18.—What Paul did. I. Cor. ix., 27.

Saturday, Nov. 19.—Why be sober. I. Peter v., 8.

Sunday, Nov. 20.—Topic—The slavery of strong drink. Isa. xxviii., 1, 3, 7.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the second week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24. Full particulars of the competition will be found in this issue.

Correspondence

Deloraine.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible which you sent me for the four subscriptions, and I was much pleased with it. I think it a very good gift for so little work. We like the 'Messenger,' and would be most unwilling to do without it. HAZEL K.

Cisne, Ill., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' and as I saw my first letter in print, I thought I would write again. A month ago I saw a note in which the Editor said he would like to know what his correspondents had been doing this summer, so I will try and tell what I have been doing. I have been doing all kinds of work that is required of a person who lives on a farm. Besides that I have been weaving carpet, or, rather, I have been learning to weave. Mamma bought a loom in February last, and we began weaving in April, and since then we have done 196½ yards of carpet. Of course, we have not woven all the time since then, but just as people brought us the carpet to weave. We have fifty yards more to weave, and then that will make 246½ yards this year. I will start to school to-morrow (Oct. 27), providing nothing happens. There will be four months of school, and I want to go every day. Our teacher's name is Mr. Will H. I see in Joseph W. T.'s letter that he says there are lots of walnuts hickory nuts and pawpaws where he lives. I wouldn't care if I was there now, if I could get all the pawpaws I could eat. There used to be lots of pawpaw bushes here, but they are nearly all cleared away, until there are not many left. Pawpaws are pretty hard to find, or that is what I have been told by persons who went pawpaw hunting. I never have gone myself, and I haven't seen any pawpaws since last year, and then I only saw about three or four, which persons who went brought back with them. There are walnut and hickory nut trees on our farm, and also several persimmon trees. I don't like persimmons very well now, but I used to like them very much. I see the Editor asks about the peanuts that Joseph W. T. said he had planted. My brothers planted twenty-eight or thirty hills, and only six of them grew. They will only raise seed enough for another year, but that is better than if they had lost the entire crop. People don't plant peanuts here to have to sell, as they do in some places, but just plant for their own use, and if they have more than they want they generally give them to their relatives or friends. They are planted in such small quantities here that I suppose they are cultivated and harvested and may be even planted different in Kansas than they are here. I have not any garden of my own to tell you about, but I could tell you about mamma's if you wanted me to. Crops are tolerably good excepting grass seed. There are lots of some kinds of fruits, while other kinds are not so plentiful. There was about the best crop of grapes that I have ever remembered throughout this section of the country. Plums were plentiful. Apples are about half a crop, and peaches were a failure, as they were all frozen during the cold weather last winter. I am a great lover of reading, and I have read 'Black Beauty,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' 'Bobby Bright, 'Persimmons,' 'Samantha Among the Brethren,' and a few others. I should like to read that book which is entitled 'The Prince of the House of David.' I should like to know more about your birthday book, as my birthday is still coming in this year. I wonder how many who read the 'Messenger' can answer this question: What book in the Bible is written without mentioning the name of God? I suppose I had better close as my letter may be too long and, tell me if it is. MINNIE E. M.

(We think you will all agree that this is a very interesting letter, and we would not have liked it any shorter.—Cor. Ed.)

Wyecombe, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly one year, and have often thought that I should like to write to it. Wyecombe is hardly a village. There is a mill, a blacksmith shop, a general store and waggon shop, and a school and Methodist church. In the school there is only one room. It is red brick, and has two entries. There is a large ground, and a white picket fence all around it. I have a dog named Ike, and three cats. We have two colts, a brown and a black. We call them Brownie and Prince. Prince took second prize at a fair this year. I have been to Niagara Falls. It is a great sight to see the water pouring over the rocks, and you would wonder where all the water came from. I think the view from the Canadian side is not so good as that on the American side. I like reading very much, and have read a great many books. Among those that I have read are: 'Joe's Boys,' 'Adrift in the Pacific,' 'Mrs. Wiggs in Her Cabbage Patch,' and 'David Harum.' MARGUERITE.

Topsail, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We take three 'Messengers.' We send two away to our friends. My father is a minister. He has lots of books, but some are not so good as the 'Messenger,' and some are hard to read. We have a cow and a calf, seven chickens and two kittens. I go to the school, which is under Miss H.

WINNIE W.

Monkton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has been taking the 'Messenger' since he was a little boy, and now he is forty-two years old. We all like it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the junior fourth reader. We do not have grades at our school. Our farm is two miles from the village of Monkton. The railway is going through our place next summer. They have it graded up as far as Monkton now. I have read quite a number of books and some of them are: 'Sam's Missions,' 'Kelly Nash,' 'The Coral Island,' 'Digging for Gold,' 'The Babes in the Basket.

CHRISTINA F. (aged 12).

Las Flores, Buenos Ayres, South Am.

Dear Editor,—We live in the Argentine Republic, and we receive the 'Messenger,' which our aunt sends from Montreal. The Argentine Republic is something like Canada, but not half so cold a country. We have a brother out there in Canada. He went out there in fun; he says it is a very nice country. He is meanwhile getting a home ready for us to go to. Perhaps we might go by the beginning of next year. We are living in a town called Las Flores. It is a small town, the capital of the Argentine Republic is Buenos Ayres. It is a large city, and has about eighty thousand inhabitants. Most of this country is very low. At present my father is on a farm of two leagues. He has a lot of cows, horses and sheep. He also goes in for planting wheat, linseed and maize. He lives about six hundred miles from here, near a station called Drabble. I think this will be the first letter from this country. I am a boy thirteen years old. I have three brothers besides myself, and six sisters.

C. H. D.

Seed Thoughts.

Ignorance shuts its eye and believes it is all right.

How soon 'not now' becomes 'never.'

The best part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

Lost time is never found again.

Experience is a good teacher, but charges like a specialist.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

Always know more than you are expected to know.

Not doing wrong is not doing right.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

A little neglect may breed great mischief.'

There is no pleasure innocent that we cannot ask God's blessing upon.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

A little prosperity has ruined many a man.'

Is the world better because of your being in it? If not, your life is a failure.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Marks of a Lady.

There are certain marks of a lady which are easily recognized and possible to cultivate. These are, a gentle voice, refinement in the use of language, and neatness in dress.

Not all girls can be educated, but they can be thoughtful in the use of words, and can eliminate from their vocabulary all slang. Slang from the lips of a woman is exceedingly vulgar.

A gentle voice is possible. Thoughtlessness, more than anything else, is responsible for the loud, harsh tones often heard when girls are in conversation. Loud speaking spoils the attractiveness of the most beautiful face. It is worse than giggling, for the giggling girl may sober down when she gets older, but the loud-mouther girl is likely to become louder, unless she resolutely determines to control her voice.

Neatness is an essential characteristic of womanliness. The clothes in the wardrobe may be limited, but the true lady is neat in her dress.

The slovenly girl who indulges in loud talk marred by slang should cultivate neatness, gentleness of voice, and purity of language.—'The Watchword.'

How Fast Can Dogs Travel?

M. Rusolier, a French scientist, has been gathering some statistics relative to the speed and endurance of dogs, which are thus reported in 'Our Animal Friends'—

Eskimo and Siberian dogs can travel forty-five miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Eskimo dogs travelled six and a half miles in twenty-eight minutes. According to M. Rusolier, the speed of the shepherd dogs and those used in hunting ranges is from ten to fifteen yards a second. English setters and pointers hunt at the rate of eighteen to nineteen miles an hour, and they can maintain this speed for at least two hours. Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six and a half minutes, which was at the rate of nearly eighteen yards a second. Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four-footed creatures and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds, which are carefully selected and which are used for coursing, are able to cover at full gallop a space between eighteen and twenty-three yards every second.

Boy's Set Up in Business.

Johnny had a lot of marbles in his pocket and Frankie had none. So Frankie asked Johnny to give him a 'set up,' which Johnny goodnaturedly did. In just the same way the firm of John Dougall & Son will give to any school boy or girl who asks at once a 'set up' of two dollars and forty cents' worth of 'World Wide,' which sell at three cents a copy in Montreal, and usually five cents a copy elsewhere. But in this case, whether our young merchants get three cents or five cents, they keep the entire proceeds for themselves, thus getting two dollars and forty cents in perhaps two hours.

The newsboys in Montreal buy copies of 'World Wide,' which sells at three cents a copy, and make a good deal of money in a short time every Saturday.

School boys and girls all over Canada and the United States could do the same thing. But to them we will GIVE TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS' worth of our publications free of charge. They need only fill out the following blank and send it to us. We will immediately send them the latest issue.

It is our hope that we will in this way discover boys and girls all over the country who will act as our permanent agents, and to such we will send free of charge a rubber stamp with their name and address, also a bag and other agents' accessories.

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Publishers, Montreal.

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Address.....

HOUSEHOLD.

Thanksgiving Recipes

Boiled Turkey.

Wash the turkey thoroughly and rub salt through it; fill it with a dressing of bread and butter, moistened with milk, seasoned with sage, salt and pepper, and mixed with a pint of raw oysters; tie the legs and wings close to the body, place in salted boiling water with the breast downward, skim often, boil about two hours, but not till the skin breaks. Serve with oyster sauce.

Roast Turkey.

After stuffing, with an ordinary savory breakcrumb dressing, the main point is to have a good oven and then baste carefully. Twenty minutes for each pound and twenty minutes over is a good old rule as to time for roasting. Baste every ten or fifteen minutes with butter and boiling water, or the liquor in the roast pan. Dredge repeatedly with flour, as it nears completion, so as to form a rich, brown crust. Serve with giblet gravy and cranberry sauce.

Mince Meat.

For those who may like a plain mince meat, take two pounds of lean beef from neck or shoulder; cover with boiling water enough to cook it and boil gently until very tender; then let it stand in the liquor until it is quite cool. Chop it fine and add to it the following: One pound of finely chopped suet, a pound each of seeded raisins and cleaned currants, quarter of a pound of citron, shredded; four pounds of chopped apples, two pounds of light brown sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, level teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace, juice and grated rind of two lemons, a cup each of tart orange juice and molasses, a pint of grape juice. Mix the ingredients well together, moistening with some of the pot liquor. Clarify the fat that forms on top of the pot liquor and add to the mince meat. Taste and add more seasoning, spices and sugar if needed, but do not overdo it.

A recipe like this offers wide scope for variation according to the possibilities of the larder. The pies may be made the day after the mince meat has been mixed.

Pumpkin Pie.

Stew pumpkin till soft, drain and mash thoroughly; for each pie take one well-beaten egg, half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of pumpkin, half a pint rich milk, (a little cream will improve it), a little salt; stir well and season with cinnamon and nutmeg, bake with undercrust in hot oven.

Pumpkin Pie Without Eggs.

Many nice recipes are given for making pumpkin pies, but some are quite expensive. Pare and cut into small cubes a good-sized pumpkin. Stew in a little water, keeping closely covered at first. When about half cooked, remove the cover and stir frequently until soft and dry. As soon as cool sift and add one teaspoonful nutmeg and one of cassia, one cup of sugar, and half a cup of molasses. Take a pan of the 'last night's milk,' and remove the cream, setting the skimmed milk over a kettle of boiling water to scald. When scalding hot, pour it over the prepared pumpkin until you have a medium thin batter. Add the cream and salt to taste. If you like them quite sweet, add a little more sugar. A little ginger improves it for some.

English Plum Pudding.

Beat six yolks and four whites of eggs very light, add a tumbler of sweet milk; stir in gradually one-fourth pound grated or chopped stale bread, one pound flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pound each of beef suet (chopped fine), currants, and stoned raisins well-floured; stir well, add two grated nutmegs, one tablespoonful mace, one of cinnamon or cloves, a teaspoonful of salt and last, another tumbler of milk. Boil in bowls or cloths five hours, and serve with hard sauce. Citron or nuts may be added if desired.

Eggless Plum Pudding.

This recipe has given great satisfaction. A heaping cup of bread-crumbs, two cups flour, one of suet (chopped fine), one of raisins, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, tablespoon of soda, teaspoon salt, one of cloves, one of cinnamon; boil or steam two hours. For sauce, take one cup sugar, butter size of an egg, grated rind of one lemon, and white of an egg.

Butter Taffy.

Two cups of light brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of golden syrup, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of water and a quarter of a cup of butter. Boil until it is brittle in water; pour into buttered pans and let cool.

Dear Hands

Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
They earned for whiter hands a jewelled ease.
And kept their scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair,
Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
The golden circlet of life's work well done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.
—Susan Spaulding, in 'Woman's Journal.'

How She Lessened Her Coal Bill.

'What—windows open with the thermometer at zero?' exclaimed a friend, one cold winter day as she stepped into my sitting-room, through which the air from two windows was freshly blowing. 'You must have an exceptionally good furnace,' she continued. 'We keeps ours running at full speed this cold weather, and yet we cannot keep warm. But I never think of opening windows.'

Here she gave such a decided shiver that I thought it advisable to close mine before explaining my reason for the cool atmosphere.

'And do you never open your windows in winter?' I asked.

'Never, except on sweeping days, and then I caution Kate to close them as soon as possible.'

'I don't wonder you cannot keep warm,' I said.

'You do not mean to say that you open your windows to heat your house!' she exclaimed.

'That is one of my reasons,' I replied, smiling at her astonishment.

Lest she should think I had suddenly taken leave of my senses I hastened to explain.

'Do you not know that it is impossible to heat dead air?'

'Dead—air?'

Evidently I was not making things any more intelligible. Hygiene had not been introduced into her brain.

It is impossible in cold weather to properly heat a room in which the same air has been allowed to remain day after day. We are inhaling poison into our lungs whenever we breathe the same air over and over again. Three times a day, in cold weather, the windows all over my house are opened, and a draught of air allowed to circulate freely. The result has been we seldom have colds, the rooms heat quickly, headaches are unknown, and our coal bill I know for a fact to be less than that of any of our neighbors. Do you feel cold now?' I questioned.

'No, indeed, I am delightfully warm,' was the reply.

'And yet it is scarcely three minutes since I closed the windows; so you see fresh air heats very quickly.'

My friend's face was full of interest. When she rose to go she remarked:

'I think I'll go home and change the air in my house, and then see if I can heat it.'

A few days after I chanced to meet Mrs. Brown on the street, and she said:

'I am so glad I found your windows open when I called on you Friday. I have profited by your example, and expect to save a ton or two of coal. Our furnace heats the house finely now, and all I've done to bring about this state of affairs has been to open windows.—Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Ladies' World.'

Heat of the Oven

The proper temperature of the oven for various mixtures often remains a perplexity to the young housewife after other details have been conquered. Here are a few suggestions: A cake which is made with butter needs a moderate oven; a cake made without butter wants a quick oven. For small cakes and cookies the oven should be moderately quick. Cakes that have an admixture of molasses burn more easily than others, and should be watched closely. They require a moderate oven. If the cake browns quickly after going into the oven there is too much heat. Remove a lid from the top of the stove or put into the oven a dish of cold water.

Mince Pie.

Not one in a hundred of those who look for mince pie at Thanksgiving, as a matter of course, ever gives a thought to the origin of this delectable yet truly wonderful compound.

'Mince pie,' says the 'Presbyterian Banner,' originally had a sort of religious symbolism. It was baked in oblong form to represent the Manger of Bethlehem. The meat used in the compound was mutton, in memory of the flocks watched by the shepherds on the first Christmas night, and the spices were designed to represent the frankincense and myrrh of the offering of the Magi to the Holy Child. In England, during the Commonwealth, mince pies fell under the ban of the Puritans, and to eat them was considered by the Cavaliers a test of loyalty to Church and King.

A Straight Answer

The City Temple was packed from floor to ceiling on a recent Sunday evening, when the Rev. R. J. Campbell preached on the 'Ethics of Commercial Life,' especially as applying to shop assistants. One of his most telling points was his experience with a young man—a clerk in an antique furniture shop—who went to him at the close of a recent Thursday morning service and submitted the following case:

He was selling an antique cabinet to a gentleman. The cabinet was genuine with the exception of one corner, which was a modern addition. Just then the customer was about to decide he asked the assistant if it was entirely genuine. The latter hesitated, but seeing his master's eye upon him, and knowing that failure to effect a sale meant under the circumstances instant dismissal, he replied, 'Yes, it is quite genuine,' and sold it.

'No,' said he, 'what would you have done, Mr. Campbell?'

'I don't know,' was the reply, and the vast congregation sat spell-bound at the ingenuous confession; 'but,' continued the preacher, with inimitable effect, 'I know what you ought to have done, and so do you. You told a lie!'—'Religious Intelligencer.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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We trust you with 14 of our beautiful Gold-finished Stone-set Bracelets, worth 25c., to sell for us at only 15c. each. They are mounted with very large heart-shaped Gems—Opals, Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc., in a beautiful fancy Gold setting, and they can be adjusted to fit any size wrist. They are so handsome, so fashionable and so cheap that they sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you a powerful sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of old seasoned wood of the popular rich red color, hand rubbed in oil to a high piano finish, with full ebony trimmings—fully worth $5.00. You will find that selling our Bracelets is the easiest work you ever did in your life, and this handsome Instrument will repay you many times over for the little trouble it will take to get it. Write to-day and be the first in your neighborhood. Address, **THE JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 470. Toronto, Ont**

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY has been removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the UnitedStates.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine,

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

BEAUTIFUL
Twin Dolls Free
We trust you with our
Gold Bracelets

All you have to do is to drop us a card and we will mail you, postpaid, 16 of our beautiful Stone set Gold Bracelets, worth 25c, to sell at only 15c each. They are beautifully Gold finished, can be adjusted to any size wrist, and each one is mounted with two very large Heart shaped Gems (Opals, Rubies, Turquoise, etc.) in a fancy Gold Claw Setting. They are the handsomest, cheapest and most fashionable Bracelets ever sold in Canada. Every Lady and Girl will buy one, and just as soon as you sell them and return the money, we will send you the most beautiful Twin Dolls you have ever seen. They are both nearly 1½ ft. tall. One is a lovely Blonde with Golden, Curly hair, rosy cheeks and blue eyes, the other is a handsome Brunette, with dark curling hair and large beautiful brown eyes. Their dresses are made in the latest style of a beautiful silky material, trimmed with ribbons and lace, and they have the prettiest hats to match, also slippers, stockings, and lace trimmed underwear. Girls, did you ever have Twin Dolls? Wouldn't you like to have these two big beauties? Then write to-day sure. Our Bracelets sell like hot cakes. Address, **The Jewelry Co., Dept 498 Toronto**

FREE
Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This
HANDSOME FUR SCARF
In a few minutes by selling our BEAUTIFUL STONE-SET
GOLD BRACELETS

worth 25c., at only 15c. each. They are the most popular Bracelets now worn—beautifully Gold-finished and mounted, with two very large heart-shaped Gems in fancy Gold claw setting, and they can be easily adjusted to fit any size wrist. Every girl and lady loves a beautiful Bracelet, and ours are so handsome, so attractive, so fashionable and so wonderfully cheap that **they sell like hot cakes.** We send the Bracelets in assorted stones, Rubies, Amethysts, Turquoise, Opals, Sapphires, etc.

SEND NO MONEY

We trust you. Simply write us that you would like to have this handsome, latest style Fur Scarf and we will mail, postpaid, 14 of our beautiful Stone Set Gold Bracelets, to sell at only 15c. each. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this

Beautiful Fur Scarf

made of fine quality black Fur, over 40 inches long, with 6 very large full brush tails and a handsome hook and chain fastener. It is an up-to-date 1905 style, fit for the finest girl or lady, soft, full, rich, and looks exactly like a $10.00 Fur Scarf. Ladies and girls, if you want to be warm and comfortable this winter, write us to-day sure.
Address, **THE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 484, Toronto**

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid 2 doz. pieces of our popular Sheet Music, including the latest sensational songs, 'I'm wearing my heart away for you,' 'Where the Shading Maples Grow,' 'Star of the East,' 'Old School Chimes,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Narcissus,' etc. The words and music are attractively printed on sheets of fine white paper (11 x 14 inches), with beautifully Colored Illustrated Covers. It is regular 25c sheet music. You sell it for only 10c. Return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the Music and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the Sheet Music in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 434, Toronto.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

VALUABLE PRESENTS FREE
For Selling Our GOLD BRACELETS

We Trust You with 16 of our Beautiful Gold Finished Stone Set Bracelets worth 25c. to sell for us at only 15c. each. Each one is mounted with two very large Heart-Shaped Gems, Opals, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., and they can be adjusted to fit any size wrist. Nothing so handsome nor so cheap has ever been sold in this country. Every lady and girl will want one. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this **Dainty and Reliable Watch with gold hands, fancy dial, stem wind and set, jewelled movement and Silver nickel case, beautifully enamelled with roses and leaves** in colors. Also, if you will write us to-day and will sell the Bracelets and return the money within a week after you receive them we will give you free, in addition to the Watch a handsome **14k gold finished Ring,** any size, set with a large magnificent flashing imitation Diamond. Don't miss this extra present but write at once. Address **THE JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 478, Toronto, Ont.**

Cinderella

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept 488 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

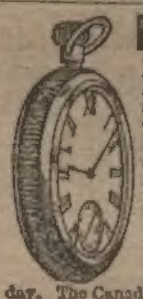
Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** today and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket.

HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.

Earn this Graphophone

We Trust You with Our Gold Bracelets. Any boy, girl or lady can easily earn this grand Self-Playing Graphophone that Sings, Laughs, Talks, Plays and Whistles. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 2 dozen of our beautiful Gold Stone Set Bracelets, worth 25c. to sell at only 15c. each. They can be adjusted to fit any size wrist and each one is mounted with two very large heart-shaped gems. They are the handsomest, most fashionable and the cheapest Bracelets ever sold in this country. Every lady and girl will buy one. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this real **Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well-made and suitable for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced machines and as a detached part sells for $5. The speed regulator, governor, springs and bearings are exactly the same as on $50 machines. The Graphophone is full size but appears very small in the picture as we wished to show all the people listening to a concert given by a boy and girl. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from thousands of selections including, Hiawatha, Bedella, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Just Because She Made Dem Goo-Goo Eyes, Evening Chimes in the Mountains with Bells, The Mocking Bird, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard fowl and animal imitations), Old Black Joe, The Holy City, Nearer My God To Thee, The Vacant Chair, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real Self-Playing Graphophone. We know you will be delighted with it. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write for our Bracelets to-day sure and be the first in your neighborhood. **THE JEWELRY COMPANY, DEPARTMENT 409, TORONTO, ONT.**

BOY'S WATCH FREE



We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons to-day. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 435, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'